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The whole number sent east in 1886 was 498. Of this number *less than twenty men were engaged in hostilities* during the whole of General Miles's campaign. For the sins of these few a sentence of banishment was visited upon the whole tribe. They were far from deserving it. On the contrary, General Miles refers to "their good conduct and loyalty." They had committed no crime against the government, but had done good work in its service. Many of them were scouts in General Crook's campaigns; some were retained in service by General Miles. In the records is found frequent mention of their gallantry and fortitude. They wore out the white troops in the field, and were pushed on alone far into the Sierra Madre, and under the gallant Crawford, rendered effective aid in securing the surrender in March, 1886. In the mountains, over desert plains, marching through mud and through shallow alkali lakes that blistered their feet and legs, and "so foot-sore that it was only with great pain that they could travel at all," these Chiricahuas were ever "the most subordinate, energetic, untiring, and by odds the most efficient" of the scouts. Honorably discharged from the military service, they returned to their reservation, where, one day, they were brought together "to be counted." They were surrounded by soldiers and other Apaches, and placed on a train, "ten car-loads of them." When they alighted, they were exiles and prisoners. Three hundred and eighty-one of them were confined in Fort Marion, where there was room for "seventy-five men, women, and children, in addition to those already there." They were placed on the same footing as the hostiles. Even the two scouts by whose aid the surrender of Geronimo was effected were imprisoned with the rest.

Thus, for the sake of less than twenty, a whole tribe of nearly 400 innocent people have been condemned to exile and imprisonment, which to many of them have meant death.

L. W. V. KENNON.

II.

STANLEY'S PYGMIES.

AMONG the many wonderful things Stanley has to reveal to us, the pygmies of the Aruwhimie forest are not the least, if we may judge by the hushed eagerness with which eight thousand people listened to the description he recently gave before the Geographical Society in the Albert Hall. True, he tells us little in his speeches, but what he tells us is enough to awaken the keenest curiosity to know more of what must be the most marvellous scene now existing in the world.

Over a country about half as large as France, covered with huge trees,—ten thousand million of them is Stanley's own calculation, and standing so thick that it is always twilight below their interwoven branches,—wandering in thousands, as they have wandered for ages, are to be found a race of light-brown men and women scarcely four feet high. Three thousand years ago, long before Herodotus, the father of history, was born, they retreated before larger races, as the Lapps, who are nearly as diminutive, retreated before the Norsemen, and in the course of centuries they have so fitted themselves to their surroundings that the dreary forest, where full light never falls, has become to them their world—their paradise—limitless and vast, and it is beyond their power to think of emerging from its protecting gloom. They know nothing beyond it, even of tradition; have no idea of even a moderate expanse of open country; have never seen grass growing in quantities, and have no conception of any land without dense forest. The only open spaces they know are the little patches that have been cleared by a larger race for the cultivation of bananas, which in that luxuriant climate reach maturity in twelve months, and of which these little people are very fond. This pygmy race know their forests as thoroughly as our Indians know theirs, and by an inherited instinct, marvellous to the white man, track their way by day or night through the wilderness with a certainty and celerity which make them, despite their insignificant stature, a formidable foe. They appear to sustain life, like some other savage tribes, on roots and wild fruit, and can tell exactly what is poisonous and what is edible; but their chief dainty is the banana, and their desire for this luxury draws them irre-

sistibly from the depths of their seclusion to the borders of the cultivated spots, where the larger race have shown their superior skill in growing this coveted fruit. They are, Stanley tells us, in their own way intelligent, possess a language, and, as we have just mentioned, have a minute knowledge of their forest intricacies, and can, when they please, make themselves dangerous, appearing and disappearing as suddenly, and almost as silently, as the very snakes themselves.

We can well believe that they retarded Stanley's advance more than all the tribes he met with of the usual size. These diminutive creatures are distinctly human in their enmities, friendships, virtues, and vices, and, withal, possess a certain force of character which has enabled them to remain undefeated by the circumstances around them throughout the historic life of man; and yet, notwithstanding their human characteristics, they live almost the life of baboons, and will doubtless continue to do so until the white man covets their rich timber land, which now seems limitless, and begins the work of felling the forest which is their home, and which, if antiquity of possession can constitute a title, is and always has been theirs.

D. KINMOUNT ROY.

III.

LITERARY BITTERS.

TO THE large army of worthy people who do not like medicine and object on principle to stimulants, while feeling a strong yearning for one or both, there came, long ago, a benefactor of his species with an invention, a compromise, a boon, which he called a tonic. The tonic, disguised under various names, was compounded in certain proportions of a bitter ingredient, a sweet one, and a large infusion of raw rum. It filled, as the inventor happily remarked, a long-felt want. Those who needed medicine found, or—which is the same thing—thought they found, it in the bitter element. Those whose systems craved a stimulant found that, too, without having to sully their feet and contaminate their souls by entering a dram-shop. The tonic, as a beverage and a blessing, had “come to stay.”

The literary tonic has also come, we fear, to remain permanently. Good people who would as soon drink rum as read fiction are the best patrons of the new stimulant—the novel with a purpose. They read it, as they will assure you, solely for its moral, not for its story. Therein they show a glimmering of good taste, for, in sober truth, the fictional element of the novel with a purpose, like the alcoholic element of the tonic, is usually of the poorest quality to be found in the mental laboratory. Other people, not so good, read it from the opposite motive. They, being unregenerate, but not wholly abandoned, feel that they ought to take spiritual medicine of some sort, and, being unable to swallow their theology “straight,” they compound by taking it with an admixture of fiction. Between the two, the novel with a purpose enjoys a wide popularity; both classes of readers being zealous advertisers of the nostrum, from different motives. The good party recommends it for its religious tone; the less good for its alleged literary merits and, vaguely, because it grapples with so many doubtful and controverted questions.

There is a third party, corresponding to the unblushing consumer of material stimulants, who wants his fiction pure and simple, either totally without purpose, or with its purpose so skillfully disguised by a master-chemist, like Dickens, that he never tastes it and only feels its good effects indirectly. Curiously enough, both of the other classes like to pitch upon him as an erring brother to be worked with on behalf of the literary tonic. It never occurs to them that he may be feeling healthy enough to need no medicine. “Have you read ‘Robert Elsmere’?” they ask. “Oh, you must—it expresses so many yearnings and doubts of the soul.” Or, “You must read Tolstol’s ‘Kreutzer Sonata’; it is *risqué* here and there, but it teaches such a lesson.”

Now, I make bold to confess that I have read neither of these tonic works, nor many others equally well recommended by worthy people who are willing to have their portraits printed “before and after taking.” I began both on compulsion, being a free American citizen bound to obey the behests of my neighbors. I lost a good friend when I sent back her “Elsmere,” after enjoying seven chapters and, I think,